ATTEMPTED ROBBERY OF THE BANK VAULT AT BASSFORD.

Marks's Desire for Revenge Upon Cronkite the Detective-Ingenious Scheme of the Old Burglar A Cavern in an Oil Region -An Old, Effective Guard of a Bank Vauit. Marks the lawyer, empty of pocket and bitter of soul, fied the town between two days. His fine-laid scheme for rigging the stock mar-

ket had been frustrated; he himself was liable to arrest, while the ruin which he had brought down upon his fellow conspirators in the Street put his life in danger and brought to an abrupt close the precarious livelihood which his lurking in the by-ways and bedres of an honorable profession had vouchsafed him. For all these woes he blamed not himself, the primal evil, but gave the credit to Abe Cronkite, the former detective, whom he had tried to induce to betray his master, Judge Marcellus, but who had led him by the nose into the pit of his utter

each dolor aggravated by the thought of luxurious ease which so readily might have been?

Scaggs is dead, and his place on the market,
and you're jest the man to put on the proper merical, for recoupment which flashed through dust; Cronkite must be ground under heel.

It is characteristic of criminals that, howseek out one another in adversity. Whatever the inducement they plan to urge, whether ing to expose some undetected crime, experience has taught them that only from their What M

It was barely 6 in the morning when Marks

of to the right and plum in the d'rectun of Main street.

"Well, the fust time Scaugs went away I filled my clothes with candles and made a ventur' ginnin', but widened considerable, with a Here and there it spread out with the ceilin' o high as to be 'most out of sight, and yet with slopin' sides, for one of a mind to climb up. There was one of these sort of caves at about the distance I t'ought was right, and so I did climb up, diggin' my heels in the half-rotten rock and now and thin fetchin' a compass around a bit of white clift that stuck out like a ghost's beer. When I got pritty chis to the top I stopped and listened, and what do you s'pose of all things I heerd? Nothin' more or less, s'help me, but the rumble of the big vans bringin' tarrels of the ile along Main street, yes and stoppin' too with their tally at the office directly op-

"Think of it, Marks, the easiest place to work and the safest; unbeknownst to everybody but me and you! Why I kin run a tunnel into Was Marks the man to forget this grudge that vault for the very love of it; as he trudged through the night and storm, so much room for the dirt, and the rock yieldin' pleasant to the pick! Old Scaggs is dead, and his place on the market, front and rent it. I've got the dough under his mind, one detail was ever present, the most cover for all expenses, never fear. In course pleasurable of all. Cronkite must bite the I'll do the work, I wudn't be content to trust another; while you kin buy the pervisuns and ever exclusive they may be in prosperity, they will take time; when we've struck the kerrect spot, I s'pose there'll be full thirty foot of tunthrough recalling some favor granted or joint all the while, and livin' good, with the suttenty adventure had in the past, or through threaten-

kind can they expect help. Hence Marks all manner of selfish conditions, and then he made all the haste his unaccustomed legs were capable of until he reached that city within a week's time the two men were settled at lose prison he had once undergone many | Scaggs's farmhouse, which Marks had found a reasonable explanation for renting, and Dalton had disappeared into the bowels of the

A RUINED LAWYER'S TRAP: a narrer passage I had once remarked leadin' | sullen denial and stubborn silence. It would consummated, since the information he had thus far received was far too general for him to indicate where Dalton and his booty were at thet same passage. It was tight in the be- | concealed; while if, as he had reason to think, the attempt had not yet been made he still gradooal dip, and keepin' in the one directun. had pride enough in his professional skill to wish to be the one to frustrate it. He was in no respect deceived by Marks's friendly representations, perceiving that his own ruin was in some way sought. But the very reason that told him that the burglary was still unaccomplished urged him to consent to the scheme; and this reason was something which he had once heard the Judge say about the construction of the bank. Therefore, impelled by anxiety for his patron's interest, the hope of professional renown and a purpose so to bring it about that the evil which Marks was plotting against him should react a hundred fold, after some quibbling as to his share of the reward he agreed to act hand and glove with his deadly enemy.

It was early on Sunday morning when Marks and Abe Cronkite reached the farmhouse and found Dalton preparing breakfast. The burg-

RESCUE OF AN OVERCOAT:

ESCAPE WITH A ROLL OF MONEY OF EX-TANK NO. 17 FROM CHICAGO.

Problem of How to Get Away Prepared for Winter Without Any Money—The Gray-Eyed Manl With (a Thirst Het in a Cab—Appearance of a Famous Comedian in a New Role, "One russet, mellow Indian summer afternoon in '89," remarked Ex-Tank No. 17 of the Harlem Club of Former Alcoholic Degenerates, idly dipping the gold end of a mother-of-pearl pencil-holder into his glass of mineral water, "I was walking along the Chicago lake front on the South Side, watching the reddened leaves swirling and eddying in the ditches, and wondering how I was going to annex the mazuma to get one of the overcoats out against the first chill, gray day that slid along. This overcoat problem used to be one of the real hard ones in my repertoire of autumn thinks. I'd always have half a dozen or so of the blankets scattered around at the three-build plants; but I never noticed the summer verdure beginning to lose its deep-green tinge that Ididn't the sid to the cabman. The said to the cabman, "Way over on the South Side, somewhere,' be said to the cabman, "Get in, 'gaid he to me, 'Way over on the South Side, somewhere,' be said to the cabman, "Get in, 'gaid he to me, 'Way over on the South Side, somewhere,' be said to the cabman, "Get in, 'gaid he to me, 'Way over on the South Side, somewhere,' be said to the cabman, "Get in, 'gaid he to me, 'Way over on the South Side, somewhere,' be said to the cabman, "Get in, 'gaid he to me, 'Way over on the South Side, somewhere,' be said to the cabman, "Get in, 'gaid he to me, 'Way over on the South Side, somewhere,' be said to the cabman, "Get in, 'gaid he to me, 'Way over on the South Side, somewhere,' be said to the cabman." Get in, 'gaid he to me, A the Constite reached the familiants and in the proposition the same time that 1 belt on proparties breakfast. The lurge "tillook here earlies of the constitution of the proparties breakfast. The lurge "tillook here earlies of the constitution of the proparties breakfast. The lurge "tillook here earlies of the constitution of the proparties breakfast. The lurge "tillook here earlies of the constitution of the proparties breakfast. The lurge was been breakfast to correct on the constitution of the con ginning to lose its deep-green tinge that I didn't get to worrying over the bunch of raw and damp

'Way over on the South Side, somewhere, Way over on the south side, sold he to me, he said to the cabman. 'Get in, 'said he to me, handing me that peculiar grin of his that overswept his whole chart. His danged cock-sure way of doing things sort o' hit my imagination.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR. He Supplies the Evidence Needed to Save a

Man From the Gallows. "I never would convict a man on circumstantial evidence," said the retired burglar, never. I always thought that, anyway, but if I hadn't thought it I had an experience once

that would have made me think it. "Under a bed that a man was sleeping on saw standing side by side two pairs of shoes ust alike: both pairs evidently in use, but not yet very much worn. It looked to me as though this man on the bed that the shoes belonged to had read or heard, or he knew himself, that if a man kept two pairs of shoes and wore them on alternate days they'd keep their shape better, and look better and wear longer than two pairs would worn straight along, one pair after the other, and he had bought two pairs at the same time and was giving himself the fun of trying it.

"Now I wasn't stealing shoes as a business, but the shoes I had on were pretty badly worn and it struck me that those shoes under the bed would just about fit me. They were good shoes, too; rather broadish toes, a little bit odd in shape. They looked as though they might be old stock from somewhere, but plainly good quality. I took a pair of them down in the parlor and tried them on, and they fitted me beautifully. I took two or three steps around with them on and found they didn't squeak, and so I kept them on and tied my old shoes together by the shoestrings, around the handle of my bag. And then I was ready to go.

"It was early yet. I'd started out a little bit early, and this house had been easy, and there was time for me to do something else; and I'd have to do something else if I wanted to make anything, because the shoes were the only things I'd got in this house; if the folks here somewhere where I didn't find it. So I thought as well try the house next door.

"The houses in this street where I was stood apart, with grass around them. Down between the lot of this house where I got the shoes and

WILLIAMS OF LAS CRUCES

A MAN WHOSE REPUTATION RESTS ON HIS PERSISTENCE.

Some Exploits of His on the Mexican Border-Never Killed a Man Except Under Compulsion-Secrets of His Survival

From the Chicago Record. LAS CRUCES, N. M., Sept. 12 .- Deputy Sheriff Ben Williams has just returned from this little jaunt into the mountains after the outfit which hilariously "shot up" the town of Santa Rita and feloniously robbed the two Mexicans and the mining store. He has not got his game, and his clothes and his throat are thick with dust. After atime he will attend to his clother. but his throat demands the first attention.

It sometimes happens that Mr. Williams does not get the men he goes out for, but not often. If they escape he is quite philosophical over the matter, for he knows that a time may come, and he has a long memory and does not believe in letting bygones be bygones. "Yes, they slipped up on me," he said to the little group in front of the saloon as he rolled wearily out of his saddle. "Where did they go to? Now, there's a fool question to ask. If I knew, do you reckon I'd be here? Quien sabe. They may be in Texas or Mexico or in hades."

The deputy did not really say "hades," favoring the shortest version for everyday use. Somebody asked him whether he would sooner go there or to Mexico after his men, and then there was a laugh.

"I haven't any particular choice between the two," said the deputy, deftly tying a knot in the halter rope. "It amounts to about the same thing with me.

He is a little man, is Mr. Williams, deputy of Dona Ana, with a very red face, a lemoncolored mustache and white teeth, which ne things I'd got in this house; if the folks here shows continually in a good-natured smile. Thirty-nine years old-nineteen of them spent in the office of Sheriff keen witted, indefatithat being in the neighborhood I might just gable, a hard rider, a deadly pistol shot, a joily companion and a terror of evil-doers, with a price on his own tow head offered by the Mexi-

can Government,
At one time the little deputy was in high